worth knowing, and, when he puts his foot down, all the Milk River boys say amen, and sown, all the Milk River boys say amen, and that settles it. Seattle is almost the only genuine old-timer left in the mountains, in fact. None of the boys nawadays believes, for instance, that bears and injuns were ever in league together agin the whites, but Seattle says he knows it to be a fact that in the early days, before the California trail was opened up, there was an understanding between the Blackfoot Injuns and the grizziles, when the flipuns were on the war path the grizziles would chase a white man on sight, and when the lipuns buried the hatchet the grizziles would a most walk up and shake your hand. Beattle has notined, too, that bears are a heap friendlier some years than others, and believe bit's owing to changes in the moon and sun. He allows that, in what he calls a "friendly season," was mo longer subject to the shadow of a doubt in my mind. I spent good part of my watch musing over the probable explanation.

Well, the morning came, and at the first streak of dawn the bears disappeared for the time being. As my own musings failed to enlighten me, "As my own musings failed to enlighten the corner of the shadow of a doubt in my mind. I spent good part of my watch musing over the probable explanation.

Well, the morning came, and at the first streak of dawn the bears disappeared for the time being. As my own musings failed to enlighten me, "As my own musings failed to enlighten me," "As my own musings failed to enlighten me," "As my own musings failed to enlighten me, "As my own musings failed to enlighten me," "As my own musings failed to enlighten me, "As my own musings failed to enlighten me," "As my own musings failed to enlighten me, "As my own musings failed to enlighten me," "As wan old-timer if you don't believe me," "As wan olo days, before the California trail was opened up, there was an understanding between the Blackfoot Injuns and the grizzlies. When the Injuns were on the war path the grizzlies would chase a white man on sight, and when the injuns buried the hatchet the grizzlies would a most walk up and shake your hand. Seattle has noticed, too, that bears are a heap friendlier some years than others, and believe it's owing to changes in the moon and sun. He allows that, in what he calls a "friendly season," a man that would shoot at a bear, except for meat, would steal horses or cuss his own mother. Kit Carson and Jim Bridger, and all the old hands, Seattle says, used to allow that if the whites had treated the grizzlies on the square when they first came into the mountains the grizzlies would have sided with the whites agin the Injuns, and the Injuns would have caved in in no time insicad of fighting it out up hill and down dale.

Howsomever all this may be, I want to tell you, or a starter, of a little affair that happened to Seattle and me last June in the Bear's Paw Mountains, between Camp Cook and Assinabolne. We undertook to prospect a guich in the Bear's Paw for a lost silver mine that Seatle got the tip on down in Boseman a vear ago last summer; but in a mighty short time after striking the guich we were giad te skip, mine or no mine, as the case might be, and all on account of the friendliness of the grizzlies. A

tie got the tip on down in Boseman a year ago last summer: but in a mighty short time after striking the guich we were glad to skip, mine or no mine, as the case might be, and all on account of the friendilness of the grizzlies. A bigger party might perhaps go up in there and hold their own long enough to find the mine, but Seattle and me got all we wanted of it in next to no time at all.

We fitted out at Camp Cook, and packed our grub and tools un toward the head of the guich with a pair of burros, and then turned our riding pones and the burros loose in a little rark down below. We found an old shack in the guich, which Seattle allowed had been built by the owners of the lost mine, and which we at once took possessin of with the idea of making it our camp for the season.

The provisions had been stowed away in the back part of the shack, which was divided into two compartments, and we were sitting by the fire outside, in the dark, cooking supper, when I saw the dim figure of what I naturally supposed to be one of the burros approach and stand within thirty yards of the fire. Seattle thought it was a burro, too, for beyond the glimmer of the fire it was pretty dark, and we being it the light, were at a disadvantage anyhow. The frizzling bacon and the coffee filled the whole guich round about with odors that whetted our appetites, and as both were hungrier than wolves in winter, anyhow, we paid the strength of the guich was middling narrow hereabout and neither of us had seen any of the siln as provided and supper was nearly ready, when the other burro showed up at about the same distance on the upper side of the year, and the price is said Seattle. "What do they want up here, anyway? Why don't they stay down in the passed and supper was nearly ready, when the other burro showed up at about the same distance on the upper side of the same, but still paid no particular attention." Draft the burres!" said Seattle. "What do they wan up here, anyway? Why don't they stay down in the passed and it up the logs of the

sticks flickered and lit up the logs of the shack. Seartie shaced his eyes and peered over at the latest arrival.

"Why," said he—for there wasn't much light after all—"that one's a burro: one of the others must be a horse then—yes, and there comes the fourth one, up the gulch; they're all here."

Both of us then looked round with some interest for the first time. "All here," Seattle repeated. "By thunder! how's this? Why, there's five of them; six of 'em: that one ain't a burro, that's a grizzly! That one's a bear, too, Why, I'll be dod-blasted for a Down Easier if they sin't all bears. every mother's son of 'em." says he, "all bears!"

To say I feit mighty uncomfortable is putting it mild. I had been in a scrimmage or two with grizzlies, and to suddenly realize that six of the varmints were within forty yards of us was a powerful test of a man's nerves—of mine, anyway. Seattle, however, took in the situation as cool as a cucumber.

"Wha." to be done?" said I. "he lively Seat.

way. Beatle, hower, each of the lively Seattle "tor we Winchesters were in the shack, and
the only shooting from we had between us was
no revolver. I had this whipped out in pretty
short order; but Seattle motioned me to put

in revoiver. I had this whippied out in pretty short order; but beattle motioned me to put the thing up.

"What's to be done?" he echoed. "Why, nothing, only keep cool and keep the fire a-going. This is a friendly year with 'em," says he "or you'd never see a whole herd of 'em come a-visiting us and looking on at the cooking. Four out the coffee and let's get to eating. I'm hingry, for one. They'll clear out when they get good and ready, if we don't pester 'em; but if we undertake to whip 'em we might find it a big contract be ore we get through."

The in cups and the sugar and plants, however, were in the shack, and without them there could be no supper.

"That's all right." said Seattle. "If it's a friendly year with 'em they haven't come here with chips on their heads, nor shoulders neither. Come on."

Bo, picking up a blazing pine knot aplece, we boil started for the shack. The bear we had seen outside had gone in, but it came out with a rush as we brandished the torches and advanced; and seurited off round the shack. Fire is about the only thing a grizziv is really cared el, so Seattle says, and to simply fend 'em off a pine knot is the best weapon a man acould have. Our provisions were stored in the little back room, and as our torches flared into the shack we heard a rattling among the tin pans in thore. Before we could make up our minds to anything out rushed another bear, through the cennecting doorway, with a sugar-cured ham

TRAIL AND LAIR

Thrilling Stories Told by Hunter of the second of the se

me."
The old-timers, however, are about all gone where they cannot answer the questions of morrals; and since Seattle was right about the "friendly seasons," I reckon he must be right, too, about the moon and sun.

JACOB PLUFF'S EXPLOIT.

"friendly seasons." I reckon he must be right, to about the moon and sun.

JACOB PLUFFS KXPLOIX.

Bears Spoiled His Deer Hunt and He Turned to and Killed Five of Them. Pinx Critical Milled Five of Milled M cub. as if to satisfy herself that it was dead.

cub, as if to satisfy herself that it was dead, and then rushed with open jaws on the slayer of her offspring.

Pluff had already covered the big bear with his rille, and he pulied the trigger as she came rushing at him. To his dismay and astonishment the cartridge did not explode. The bear was then upon him. Being an experienced bear hunter, Pluff knew better than to club his gun and break it by an ineffectual blow with it on the bear's head, and to gain time he douged behind the big oas tree against which he was standing. The bear followed, and then began a lively chase around the tree, and from it to the other oas tree, around that and back again to the first tree, to and fro and around, the angry bear following so close upon the hunter's heels that he did not dare to risk loaning the little ground that he would have to if he even turned his attention to his gun and opens! the breech to replace the defective cartridge with a good one.

the breech to replace the defective carridge with a good one.

Pluff, being blessed with good wind, had hopes that he would soon make the fat and heavy bear weary of the chase, so that it would adopt some other tactics and give him a chance to get his gun in shape for decisive and final action. He did not care to risk a hand-to-hand fight with the bear in the humor she was in, as his only weapon was a buckhorn pocketknife, large, but not calculated to be of great service in a bear fight. But the bear did not seem to be in the least inclined to abandon its place at Pluffs heels, and do all he might the hunter could not increase the space that separated him from Bruin's laws. From tree to tree the race went on for at least ten minutes, until Fluff began to feel that his own wind couldn't hold out much longer, and he made up his mind that if there must be a fight it wouldn't be policy for him to waste say more of his breath trying to get away from it.

He resolved on a bold and sudden move.

Taking his knife from his pocket as he dodged around the two big oaks, he opened the three-inch blade, and as he rounded one of the freeshe stopped and turned suddenly on the bear, The bear was only four feet behind his his he stopped and turned suddenly on the bear, The bear was only four feet behind his his his his cannot be the bear of the strength on the bear's face. The blade sank in situous its entire length at the base of the ain main the open his his his strength its entire length at the base of the ain main dropped on her knees as if she had been shot. She raised herself quickly, and threw herself back on her haunches, while she made frantic efforts to knock the knife out of her head with her fore paws. She seemed to have forgotten her feel in the property of the her energency.

Fluff lost no time in taking advantage of the situation. He drew the defective cartridus from his riffse barrel, put in a good one, and at the same time charged his buckholt barrel. The bear, howling loudly, and striking at the knife with first one paw and then the other present ed a good shot to the hunter king at the knife instantir but read er set, with her leart ought to be, She ceased derect, with her eye fixed on the his bullet had not brought her lough the his his bullet had not brought her fixed his same the to had come. Pluff found when he came to dreas her.

Pluff loaded his gun and stood thinking over the unexpected and lively turn his deer hunt had taken, when out of the scrub oaks, near where the first cub had come and spoiled the hunter's shot at the big buck, appeared the head and shoulders of another young lear. It looked about for a moment and then stepped into the orening. It walked up and smelled of its dead brother, and then looked aver to where its mother's body ing. When the attenued ling white teeth and growed as a state of the bear family, and he put an end at once to any hostile intentious the cub had by sending a rifle bail through its brain, and it fell dead across its brother.

Pluff would rather hav

JUD BARNES AND THE CUB. He Porget that the Cub's Squealing Would Bring the Mother Bear.

SCRANTON, Nov. 17 .- Uncle Jacob Guss was husking corn in his barn on the old Drinker turnpike when the writer drove out there on a recent pleasant afternoon, but he put aside his work at once and invited the caller to the house. There he drew his cushioned rocking chair close to the stove, leaned on his crooked cane, and said:

"So you want me to tell you some more stories about life in the woods, th? Let me see, now. I don't think I have ever told you about Jud Barnes and the cub bear he shot from the chestnut limb. It happened after Winchester rifles came into use. Barnes, who was genorally up to the times in the matter of shooting irons, bought a Winchester as soon as he could afford it. One nice afternoon in October Barnes came over here from Tolyhanna Mills, and wanted me to go bunting with him on Chestnut Mountain. He had no dog, and neither had I at that time, and so we concluded to go on a still hunt for any sort of game that might get in our way.

There was a runway for bears from Round Swamp across Chestnut Mountain, and even to Panther Hill, and Barnes thought we might possibly scare up a bear or two over there. When we got to the east side of Chestnut

THE CATANOUNT FOUGHT.

It Whipped Three Bogs and Warmed Up Two Hunters Before it was Killed.

MILPORD, Pa., Nov. 17 .- Tom Pinney and George Bosler, two young Pike county hunters. were hunting pheasants in the vicinity of Yellow Pine Swamp, in Westfall township, a few days ago, when their dogs took the trail of some animal, and dashed into the swamp. In a few minutes they brought the animal out of the swamp a few feet from where Bosler was standing. He discovered that it was an im-mense catamount. He fired a load of fine shot into the animal, and it turned and ran back

into the swamp.

Pinney had sone into the swamp, and the catamount, smarting from the wounds made by the shot, passed near him. He shot it in the side with fine shot, and it stopped and rushed

side with fine shot, and it stopped and rushed toward him. The dogs came up just then, and engaged the catamount. It flew at the dogs with lury, and in a very short time whipped all three of them.

Pinney had been afraid to fire at the catamount while the fight was going on, as there was danger of his hitting the dogs. The fight was over, and the dogs scattered about so quickly that it astonished Finney, and before he could recover from his astonishment and shoot the catamount the animal sprang upon him, and tore his clothes from him from the throat to the waist. At this critical moment Bosler appeared on the scene, and struck the catamount over the head with the butt of his gun as the animal clung and clutched at Fin-

ney's flesh. The blow knocked it to the ground, and before the catamount recovered itself Pin-ney shot it through the head, blowing its brains

out.
The catamount was nearly four feet long, and its claws were an inch and a half in length and as sharp as needles.

A MAD BULL BUFFALO.

The Lively Time it Gave a Hunter-The Bull's Strange Death. "My father was a great buffalo hunter

and beaver trapper in his day," said Capt. William Percival of the Orient line of Lake Michigan steamers, "and one of his adventures I've often heard him relate, and I doubt if any other hunter ever had an experience quite as exciting or perilous while hunting that game It happened when he was a young man, and when buffalo were plenty right where the biggest cities of Kansas now stand.
"He was on a hunting and trapping trip

along the Washita River, his chief purpose being the taking of beaver, but if a buffato hide or bear skin came in his way he didn't intend to let it get away from him if he could help it. It so happened that, plentiful as fur and game were in those days, father struck an unusual run of bad luck, and for twenty-four hours never saw hide nor hair of as much as a muskrat, and being out of meat he got tolerably hungry by that time.
"'I thought I would starve, sure,' father

used to say, in telling the story, 'and not long afterward I found myself wishing that I had. I was on my way down the river in my canoe. when, turning a sharp bend in the stream I discovered a big bull buffalo lying in the shade of a cottonwood, almost on the water's edge. The old fellow was apparently sound asleep. I was out of gunshot when I discovered him, and I quickly shot my cance to the shore, and stole down along the bank, and getting within easy range, fired. The shot was a bad one, I hit the bull, but only wounded him slightly. He sprang up with a loud snort, and looking around in surprise for a moment, waded into the river and swam to the other side. I sent a ball after him as he swam, but there was something wrong with me that day, and the ball passed over his head and splashed in the water two feet ahead of him.
"'The bull waded out on the other shore,

grazed composedly about for an hour or so, and then lay down again. That was what I was hoping he would do, for I knew there was no use in my trying to get near enough to him for

a shot as long as he was up and around. 'As soon as he lay down I stole back to my cance, paddled up along the bank for nearly a mile, where I crossed the stream and dropped

four inches through, and but for that sayling I would never have got away with my life.

"The buffa o was after me without delay, and thereupon began a system of attack on the part of the buff that illustrated not only his doggedness of purpose, but his sagacity. He pursued me around the tree, which I grasped with my arms, so that I could fing myself around the trunk with greater randity than the animal could follow me. The buffalo, roarling terribly at every turn, would jump at me in the peculiar manner of its kind every time he thought there was a chance of hitting me, and the force with which the victous suring would carry him by me told me what would be the result to me if the buff by any chance should make his aim good.

"In this way that persistent bull harassed me for four long hours. My hunting shirt was worn clean through to my flesh by constant friction against the rough bark of the tree, and the flesh of my arms was ground almost to the bone. My hands were blistered and raw. I was in agony from my head to my feet, and a burning thirst aimost drove me wind. Still that bull, apparently tireless, followed me around that tree, giving me not a second's rest, and apparently with the grim satisfaction of knowing that sooner or later I must fall and be trampled beneath his feet and torn to bits by his sharp horns.

"But for the presence of the sapling I never could have held out. The bull at first, in following me around the tree, squeezed himself between the sapling and the tree, which kept his nose aimost against the iree and sapling at last wore his skin away on both sides, and made his flesh sore. This be did not care to make more painful by constant contact with the rough bark, and he flually ceased to pass between the tree and sappling, but went on the outside of the laster, which enlarged his circuit several feet, and gave me opportunity to get my breath, and to ease up not a little on the speed with which the buil had been sending me around the tree.

the outside of the latter, which enlarged his circuit several feet and gave me opportunity to get my breath, and to ease up not a little on the speed with which the buil had been sending me around the tree.

"In salte of the sharp watch I had to maintain for my own welfare, I began to notice that the buil was himself beginning to show evidence of fatigue. Four hours of cirching about in a ten-foot ring hadn't been as wearing on his flesh as iour hours of grinding my arms and hands against rough bark in a three-foot ring had been on mine, but it had had its effect on the buil's wind. His ugly jumps at me as he caught sight of me swinging from one side of the tree to the other became few and far between. His eyes were blood-hot, his tongulung far out of his mouth, and his great sides heaved in quick, short breaths.

"I began to have hope, but I knew that the buil must give up in a very few minutes to do me any good, for it was not in human power for any person to endure much longer the physical agony and mental distress that I had forced myself for hours to withstand.

"It was within the next ten minutes that the buil had resort to stratezy, a movement that plainly illustrated that something akin to reason had come to his aid and at the same time was, through still further peril, the turning point in this extraordinary test of endurance that saved my life. The buil had been going slower and slower in his pursuit of me around the tree, when suddenly he dashed forward again with more than usual speed and violence, hay pain had now become so Intolerable and my strength was so nearly exhausted that I gave up, and was about to drop to the ground in despair and meet my fale, when the buil gave a most furious spring toward me as I dragged myself weariny from one side of the tree to the other. The very fury of the lunge soured me to a greater effort, and I jumped around with more than usual speed and violence.

"That was the buil's ruse. The sudden and vicious spring was only a feint, and leturned as quick as a fine and

men and accomplished fly-casters. Of the large number of lakes in the Province of Quebec, Lac uses Grandes Isles is conceded to be the most beautiful as well as among the largest. It is more than twenty miles in length and of surpassing grandeur in its surroundings. A newly built railway touches an arm of the lake, but aside from this not a lootpath or blazed trail leads to it, while the fire of the settler has nowhere been kindled upon its shorsa-indeed, it is surrounded by an unbroken wilderness.

Lac des Grandes Isles, it is said, affords the finest trout fishing on the centinent, specimens weighing over live pounds being occasionally lured to the fly and destruction, while trout of from two to three pounds in weight are taken freely. The man who has landed a three pound of the trout of glory, while a person who has merely read of the event has but a faint idea of the profound excluement such an incident affords.

The loveliest spot in Lac des Grandes Isles—Isle de Paradis—has fallen into the hands of the club, and, aside from the railway station, the club house will be the only building of any kind on all the shores of the lake, while the fishing privileges have been secured by the club. Among its members are Joseph Jefferson, Kit Clarke, James T. Davis, John Woods, Dr. William F. Duncan, J. K. Emmet, Jr., and Senator Edmunds.

SHOOTING COOTS.

Lots of Fun for New England Boys, and there is Some Profit in it, Too.

"As soon as the lay down I stoile back to my cance, paddled up along the bank for nearly a mile, where I crossed the stream and dropped down until I came in sight of the buil again. He was assien, I thought, and I got ashore and advanced on him through the woods, which were open, with scaces of treeless prairie intervening. I glided across the grassy plats, and was almost within gueshot when the buil heard me, and he got up and entered the woods. I knew the character of the buffalo well, for I had killed scores and scores of them under all sorts of circumstances. In herds the buffalo was not to be feared anyway in comparison with him when encountered singly. A lone buil buffalo would assume the offensive, and determination unknown to him when running with his herd. I knew all this but thought was mart enough to be more than a match of the hunter with a dozged dorecess and determination unknown to him when running with his herd. I knew all this but thought was mart enough to be more than a match of the hunter with a dozged dorecess and steadily a ster inits old fellow, being prompted in a great measure by my intense hunger.

"I followed the buill for a mile, when I came dilt a great are assumed the started for me like an avaianche.

"I followed the buill for a mile, when I came dilt a great and and faced me, but only for a square around and faced me, but only for a square around and faced me, but only for a square around and faced me, but only for a square around and faced me, but only for a square around and faced me, but only hands and tell on feet awa. I scrambled to woods, where I thought loud the mortal shot I had now twice failed to inflict, in hurrying down the knoll my sound the build as fast as my legs would carry me, the builds are made and before the build could manusures to make a many and the started for me like an avaianche.

"I was en one of the little reality knoll and the same of the desired spot, had and the started for me like an avaianche, the builds are made and the started for me like an av

field: Gurnet Point and Manomet Point, Plymouth; Barnstable, and so on around to South Wellifeet, where most of them cross the cape and continue down the outer shore.

Beside following it for a love of sport, many men make a business of gunning, getting very fair waxes. The birds are bought by meu who collect them from the gunners, arranging to take all a man can shoot, and paying a specified sum for each bird, which usually runs from 12% to 16% cents, according to their abundance or scarcity. These men pick the birds, and get about 65 cents a pound for the feathers, eight birds averaging a pound, although the price has been as high as \$1 a pound. The carcasses are then cleaned and peddled through the neighboring inland towns, bringing them 60 cents to \$1 per pair, according to condition. It is usually estimated that the feathers will pay for all trouble and expense connected with the business, while the rest is clear profit.

BULL AND PVIHON.

The Story of a Fight to the Death in the South African Mountains,

The Story of a Figst to the Beath in the South African Meuntains.

From the Natal Winess.

Last Sunday week one of the most remarkable scenes on record is reported as having been witnessed in the vicinity of Table Mountain. A troop of cattle, consisting of twelve cows and a patriarchal old bull, were grazing on one of the plateau-like spurs of the mountain, which is surrounded on three sides by precipitous ravines, and on the fourth side, that nearest the mountain, by dense bush. Some natives ligher up the mountain were attracted by the sudden bellowing of the cattle, and saw two enormous pythons coming out of the bush and making for the cattle, which had drawn themselves up in a compact group with the bull at its head. As the pythons dew near the animals gradually backed till they stood on a small space that jutted out over a tremendous precipite.

At this stage a sudden rush was made, but only one heifer succeeded in escaping. The other cattle, bellowing most piteously, gradually backed, and one by one fell over the precipice till finally the bull only was left. He suddenly charged at the big python, transfixing the reptile on his horns, but the second snake soized the bull in its folds and, having its tail around a hure boulder commenced to crush the bull, which, moaning piteously, struggied frantically to escape. The tail of the python lost its hold of the rock, but the larger snake, which had slipped off the horn, lapping its tail around a smalled boulder opposite the one the other snake had just released, selzed the bull and compressed the animal in its scaly fold. The other python succeeded in regaining its former position, and the bull was literally suspended in mid air by the gakes. The whole scene looked like some ghastly triumphal march. The snakes were evidently geiting the best of the poor brute, which was bleeding profusely, when, by a sudden effort, his struggles lorced both reptiles to looke their hold of the rock and the whole three were hurled into the rawine beneath.

The cattle were found on From the Natal Witness.

A TIGER SHARK'S CIUTION.

It Saved Him from Being Blown Up with Powder Set Of by Electricity.

from the Washinston Star. "I never saw such clear water in my life as there is in the harbor of Port-au-Prince." said a naval officer to a star reporter this morning, while speaking of the Boston being sent to Hayti. "When the sea is calm one can easily see the bottom fourteen fathoms down. The water that comes into the harbor is all clear, as it flows down over coral beds. While going up the harbor we used to fill a beer bottle with water to make it heavy, and throw it straight ahead of the ship, when we passed the spot where it struck we could see it still going down away below us. The only fish in the harbor is the gar fish, a long, slim fellow, like a pick, with a sharp, hard boak that won't take a hook. They used to hang around the ship in schools. The only way to get them is

froth fell from his mouth, and from his grimy head his red eyes glared like fire. He ran and he more away are of eye.

It then thought he had determined to give up the fight and leave the spot. He stopped suddenly, however, and turnian rules to give up the fight and leave the spot. He stopped suddenly, however, and turnian rules three, He came at it with his immens head between his fore-ges and struck the trunk as he rushed upon it at full speed. The truck runk as he rushed upon it at full speed. The truck runk as hen him gover the stern, and his majesty came then thought developed and fell head by the first the state of the search of the

Mr. Cleveland Bags a Few Squirrels. From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mr. Cleveland Bags a Few Squirrels.

Prom the Cincinnati Enquirer.

While all the country the other day was discussing the dismissal of Lord Sackville by President Cleveland, the latter took a day off. He did not come in from Oak View to the White House during the entire day. It was generally supposed that he had remained at his country seat to attend to public business and svoid annoyance, but this was not so.

The President is very fond of hunting and fishing. Some time ago he became acquainted with an old farmer rest-ling in the vicinity of Oak View, and learned from him that there are many squirrels in the surrounding forests. The President and the farmer have become very neighborly of late. The latter has spent a great many evenings with the President, and the President has frequently visited his neighbor. So the two have become very chummy. Some time ago they made an arrangement to go out together and try to kill some squirrels. The President had his shotgun unpacked, sent to a gunsmith and rut in thorough order.

So yesterday, while the country was excitedly discussing the summary way in which the President had disposed of the British Minister.

Mr. Cleveland, accompanied only by his farmer friend started out on a day's tramp through the woods. The two commenced their day of sport early in the morning, and it was nearly sundown before they returned. Mr. Cleveland aborought with him to Oak View five nice fat squirrels as a reward for his hard day's labor, which were served to Mrs. Cleveland and himself at breakfast this morning. Afterward he drove in to the Executive Mansion and issued his Thanksgiving proclamation.

Saved by a Joss from a Tirer's Jawa From the Hu Pao

West of Kalding City, Kwantung province, in a wild, mountainous locality, lips the little village is a little old temple of Wu-ti, and the man in charge, who is not a shaven priest, carefully locks himself in at night; but two holes drilled in the door afford him a means of looking out and a guarantee against suffocation. One night a tiger came and crouched just offiside the door for a long time, as if he knew there was a man inside. He then first put a paw in through one of the holes and clawed around, and nox inserted his tail to feel for his prey with this sensitive member. The temple guardian, maddened with fear, got a chopper and waited for the animal to renew the experiment, and then dealt a violent blow and cut the tail through.

The tiger gave a roar that shook the tiles on the roof of the joss house, and then charged at the door reneatedly, finally knocking it off its hinges and on to the man, who had been trying to prop it up on the other side. The tiger charged in over the prostrate door, and, not seeling the man who was hidden by it, selzed one of the josse which stood on each side of the door in its laws and galloped away, while the man boited off to the village. The next day some grass cutters on the mountains found the joss iying on a wild, lonely hillside, where it had been abandoned by the tiger, and, recognizing the sacred image, brought it back to the village, and there heard the extraordinary story of its removal. West of Kalding City, Kwantung province

QUEER CATILE IN OREGON.

Spotted Like Leopards, Wild and Pierce-

San Francisco, Nov. 17 .- In the lonesome deflies of the Coquille Mountains there has roamed at will for half a dozen years a band of strange wild cattle. Hunters pronounce them a distinct breed from those which have been so long inhabiting the Umpqua River. They are leopard-like in color, being dotted

Their horns are thin and long and as smooth as though polished with emery. Moreover, they are pony-built, and their tails are long. sweeping, and brush-like. Their hoofs, like orous undergrowth, are smooth and glossy, Quick of eye, fleet of foot, and with a strange power of scenting out enemies, they have proved more than a match for the local sportsmen who have at various times gone to the heights in pursuit of them.

"Well, those cattle are an anomaly, sure enough." said C. J. Andrews, a resident of Coquitle, 45 miles up from the Pacific Ocean, to a reporter at the American Exchange Hotel here to-day. "Their origin is shrouded in mystery. Some say they are descended from a spotted cow, which strayed away from Father De Voe in 1869. The old man De Voe lives down at the mouth of the Coquille. He was the first settler there, and brought three or four cows with him when he came by wagon from the lower Platte. About a year afterward he lost a cow that was about to caive, and, though he hunted far and near throughout the heavy pines which skirt the Coquille, he could never find her, but when news began to come in after three or four years that there were some wild cattle up in the mountains, be half thought it must be his cow and her progeny. There are others, however, and

that there were some wild cattle up in the mountains, be half thought it must be his cow and her progeny. There are others, however, and De Voe is inclined to share their belief, who think that this breed of cattle has always been wild, that they are indigenous to that region, the same as the wild cattle of Mexico.

"Certain it is, at any rate, that all attempts to subdue these eattle have been lutile. In 1878 Tom Withrow, a hunter of the Coquilie, after a long attempt to kill some of them, succeeded in capturing a caif. The call was newly born and to weak to get away, and the old cow would not leave it, and at once charged furiously upon him. He was mounted on a fleet Oregon musiang, and he put spurs to him, and got out of there as quickly as he was acie. The cow and the pony tore down hill through the brush at a terrible pace, and old Tom thought he was done for. There was blood in the cow's eye, and a vindicit, e. mena-ing look, which put speed into both rider and horse. The nunter's gun was strapped to the pony's side, and he had no time to use it. The cow pursued him for nearly half a mile, and until the mustang had chucked Withrow over his bead, down a steep declivity and both horse and horseman were separated and routed. Then bos-bovis returned to her call.

"Tom was mail, He was an old hunter, and didn't much reliab being routed by a cow, his recaptured his pony, tied him to a tree, and, unstrapping his gun, started in a roundabout way up through the hills adoct. He dodged from tree to tree, and finally climbing one he was able to descry the wild cow, with her head and tail up, her eyes blazing, sniffling the air. He was a within rifle shot, and succeeded in putting two balls into her. She beliowed furiously, but the wounds were mortal and she could not attack him.

"Capturing the calf, Just when he inought he was able to descript her work skiffed manipulation they finally succeeded in killing an old buil. He was the outpost of a band, was a fighter from way back, and would have made it hot for them, bu

While the Robinson Fishing Club, of which John O'Nell is a member, was encamped at North East, Pa. last July, two large eagles were seen in the vicinity of the camp for several days. Frank Casey shot one of them, serously injuring its leg. It fell, and was re-cued from the dogs. The bird recovered, but it remained very lame.

Upon the return of the club to the city the king of birds was presented to Mr. O'Neill who keeps it in the loft of his stable. When it first came it are large chickens with facility and without compunction, and small ones ditto.

Mr. O'Nell is somewhat of a chicken fancier, and takes orde in the fine qualifies of his game cocks. Last April a splendid fighting cock of the black Spanish breed was hatched. As he grew older, a large Shanghai rocoter, the lord and master of the roost, intimidated him and drove him out of the family erries so that for a long time he has held himself aloof from his kindred, roosting always by himself. About two weeks ago Mr. O'Nell discovered that the eagle was amicably snaring his roost with the cock. The result has been a strange intimacy between the two. The roostor goes for short periods during the day to look out for his provisions, but always returns soon to the society of his friend, and, all in all, he spends the greater part of his time with the latter.

The eagle, on his part, seems to have entirely conquered his predilection for chickens as food, and always w-leones the return of his little companion. He has also coased to wage war on the other fowls, and is content to tunch on three vounds of fresh meat overy day. The engle is of the variety known as the black eagle, and measures 7 feet 4 inches from tip to tip, weighing between filteen and twenty pounds.

A Buzzard in a Shirt.

From the Atlanta Journal.

Jerry Davis is the name of a little boy who lives three miles in the country on the Greensierry road.

Like other boys, Jerry is willing to do almost anything for a little fun.

Last week he found a dead sheep, around which a number of buzzards were holding high carnival.

He determined upon catching one of the buzzards and at once built a very large trap. He He determined upon catching one of the buzzards and at once built a very large trap. He baited it with the dead sheep, and in a very short time he had captured a buzzard.

He then stole one of his shirts out of the house and fitted it on the buzzard, cutting off the sleeves and putting the bird's wings through the armholes. He then out off the front tail of the shirt and sewed the garment firmly to the buzzard's body, after which he liberated the bird. With a hissing noise the filth bird flapped his wings and flew up into the air, the tail of the shirt fluttering behind him as he flew.

About twenty-five crows took after the strange looking object, and the buzzard was pecked and knocked about at a terrible rate.

Three or four days afterward Jerry found the buzzard a mile away huddled up against a tree, dead.

When wash day came Jerry was called upon

the ouzzard a line away fluddied up against a tree, dead.

When wash day came Jerry was called upon for his shirt, and the story leaked out. His father was so much amused that he would not allow the boy's mother to whip him.

Attacked by an Army of Snapping Turtles

Attacked by an Army of Snapping Turties,

Prom the Poughkeepsie News-Press.

While the five-year-old son of John Y. W.
Purcell was "playing boat." in a mud pond or
flag marsh on the "Island." as is called a strip
of wet wooded land on the Thomas H. Tremper
tract, in the town of Rochester, he was attacked
by a large number of snapping turties, very
numerous in that section. and sustained several severe bites from the hitherto considered
inoffensive reptiles. No cause is known for the
attack and in, that section is entirely unprecedented. It seems the first warning the
little fellow had was a general gathering of the
turtles around him, each uttering a peculiar
croaking noise.

The little tot, being questioned about it by
the attending physician, each: "Zay all tommenced to hollar, an' I frew 'tones at' em. Zen
I yunned an' talled an' zay all bite me legs san
foots, an' hurt me orful bad." His mother
hearing his screams, rushed to his assistance
only to find him completely surrounded by the
neily things, which were literally chewing him
to pieces and sucking his blood, and it was
with some difficulty that she beat them off with
a clothes stick, which she happened to be
holding in her hand.

An Aged Turtle.

An Aged Turtle.

Prom the Kingston Pressen.

Many decades ago an eccentric individual named W. D. Whittaker owned and occupied an extensive farm on the Saugerties road. Whittaker's odd ways and peculiar habits were the talk of the country side, and they are still dilated upon by his descendants. One of the old gentleman's peculiarities was to eaten turtles and write his name and the date of their capture on the shell. A day or two ago Michael Jerson saw a turtle crawling feebly across one of his lots. He picked it up and discovered the follwing inscription on its back: "W. D. Whittaker, Aug. 10, 1771." Judging by the date, the turtle is over 117 years of age, and its appearance indicates that it has lived long in the land. Its head and neck are gray and wrinkled, and its legs are covered with thick scales, its caudal appendage is entirely worn away, and portions of its shell are crumbling, as though from age.

A Battlesnake Kills a Cow.

A Rattlesnake Kills a Cew.

From the Washington Chronicle.

One of the Chronicle boys, who was out 'possum hunting the other night, stumbled over the dead body of a cow in the Little River swamp. The cow had crumpled horns, from one of which was dangling a huge rattlesnake. The indications were that the cow had seen the snake coiled and in the act of springing upon her, and had accordingly hooked the reptile, the horn penetrating the snake's body so that the rattler was unable to free himself. The cow's horn killed the rattler, but the rattler's fangs killed the cow. And yet tradition says a rattlesnake's bits doesn't harm a cow.

Prom the Springfeld Republican.

A well-authenticated story is told of a Waterbury cat which died of grief over the de ith of a mistress for whom it had a remarkable affection. As soon as the animal saw the face of the dead girl it iell dead with a gros.n.

DR. GREENE'S **NERVURA** NERVE TONIC,

THE GREAT STRENGTHENING AND INVIGORATING REMEDY.

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Nervous Debility.

Bufferers from nervous debility complain of physical and nervous weakness and exhaustion; there is prostration of the physical streng h, a tired teeling with no inclination for exertion and the power teeling with no tration of the physical streng h, a tired teeling with ne inclination for exertion, and the power to work is diminished; the patent wakes mornings tired and nurrefreshed; there is an extreme nervous and irritable convex to the patent water in a dult, cloudy sensa-NERVOUSNESS, tion, often accompanied by disarrecable feelings in the head and eyes; the thoughts wander ea lip; there will be gradual failing of extrength, with weakness and pain in the back; had taste in the mouth mornings; the vision becomes dim, the memory impaired, and there is frequent DEPRESSIGN dizziness; the nerves became so OF MIND. Weaklened that the least excitement or shock will nesh the face, bring a termor, trembling, or papintation of the

the face, bring a tremor, trembling or paipitation of the heart. There is often a com and depression of the mo-for these symptoms Dr Greene's Arruara Nerva Tonion is a cer ain and positive cure. Under the use of this wonderful restorative, the dull eyes regain their bril liancy, the pair look and hollow cheets show renewed-DIM VISION, health and vitality; IMPAIRED MEMORY, the weak and exhaust-IMPAIRED MEMORY, the weak and exhausted feeings give place to strength and vigor, the brain becomes clear, the nerves a rong and steady, the goom and depression are lifted from the mind, and perfect and permanent health is restored. It is an absolute specific for nervous deadlity: A WONDERFUL Young men with weakened MEMEDY.

Young men with weakened MEMEDY, nerves and exhausted vitality can regain their strength by its use. It restores lost energy and invigorates the weakened vital forces in old and young. No one need despair of a cure. Don't fall to use this remedy, which is the greatest medical discovery of the century, and an absolutely certain cure will result. All draggists keep

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